

Comment qu'un jeune homme qui
 maître, veut épouser pour plaire
 ou, ce qui est pire encore, parce
 une héritière... On dit que je
 e ma vie un roman, peu m'importe
 me marierai jamais, ou bien
 mme que j'aimerais. Quant à
 prise!

Anna, repartit sœur Claude de cette
 anthique et harmonieuse que nous lui
 vous m'êtes bien chère, vous l'
 au monde je ne vo
 Ecoutez-moi,
 prouvée

Laax



U

throot

Stam

le paroli et se dit
 elle resta longtemps agenouillée et
 une profonde méditation.

XXXI

Le salut solennel du dimanche venait de son-
 chez les religieuses Bernardines de Bruges,
 ind un jeune étranger, attiré par le son de
 gue, entra dans la petite chapelle ouverte
 public. A peine y était-il que la musique
 verson attention.

main habile, accom-

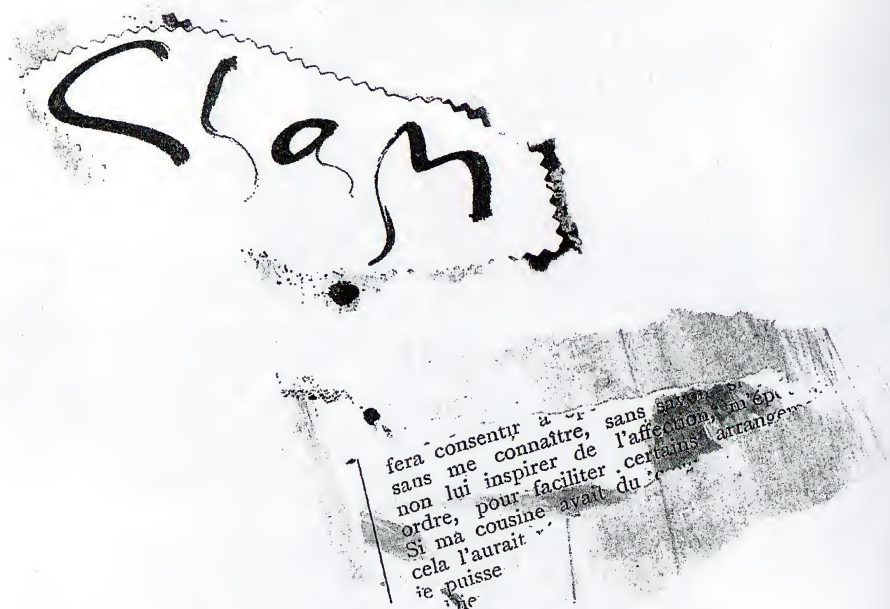
cait à
 sévère

fera consentir à
 sans me connaître,
 non lui inspirer de
 l'ordre, pour faciliter
 Si ma cousine avait du
 cela l'aurait
 ie puisse

SANS ME CONNAÎTRE: CLAM LEAK THROAT

John M. Bennett

Cover art by
Guido Vermeulen



LUNA BISONTE PRODS
2012

LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, OH 43214 USA

Poems (c) John M. Bennett 2012
Cover (c) Guido Vermeulen 2012

Onde

¿Roberto Bolaño dónde estaba
en las llanuras de Sonora con
un pez descabezado dónde
estaba por los cafés de
Santiago de Chile en el
año fronterizo de 1970 los
litros de vino de arena llenos
dónde estaba cuando el
aire surgía de espigas y
mariposas de una ala sola
dónde estaba la respiración
de humo frío el intento
sinzapatero de caminar por
el acantilado dónde
estaba en el zócalo atestado
de calaveras y flores de luces
y ocurridades de camión dónde
estaba por la escalera de
tumbas y boca que se retuerce
en la calle dónde estaba dónde
estaba yo cuando me echaba las
migas en la mesa de una casa de
maestros allá por el norte con sus
polvos y cabrones dónde estaba
dónde estaba yo? ¿Dónde estaba
en el fango de una playa conocida
como desconocida dónde estaba
entre los libros perdidos bajo la
estufa los libros invisibles leídos
con el ojo miópico de la
lluvia la lluvia fonética y calva?

Enter

enter the listing shadow the
crawling spoon the stunned
locker vomiting sugar enter
the steps clattering into the
mildew where a lampshade
growls in the dust enter the
luggage where a book smolders
and shoulders into the underwear
enter the crawling ladder enter
the skull indentions where your
thumb has lost its eyes enter
the comb falling from your
glasses enter the swallowed
air enter the towel you wipe
your ass with enter the
cumbre de los pedos enter
the system throated and
scummy with detergent enter
the scowling sock drawer where
your urn awaits enter the
lather enter the vienna
sausage enter the window
into the whistling deep in your
sailing ear the hissing where the
horizon sinks scrawling into the lake

Sea and Soap

I slept in the soapy sandwich
where a hamster dreamed I
slept where the owls gathered
on a shelf breathing dust and
cathairs I slept next a window
on a toilet covered with ice and
glanced at a book about time
swirling in the flush I
slept past the slumping piles
of novels and storm doors the
bags of bags and shoes where
was I sleeping when the
wind scoured the bark from
a tree when the fridge was
leaking its blood into the
basement was I sleeping
when the car burst into flame
was I sleeping when the garbage
trucks coughed and recited
the poems in your street where
was I sleeping when I slept
in the waiting room beyond the
drills and hoses did I sleep
in the ladder did I sleep
in the wide wheezing space
of the desert far to the south
where the sleep is a sand dune
where my sleep once awake
is a pillow expanding like
fog yellowing over the sea

Knocking

breathe the fog that churned
in the hole of yr flashlight breathe
a coin and key left on the
stairs could you breathe the
shopping lists swirling in the
winded parking lot the notebook
scoured by the sands of Death
Valley by the rusty swords
unsheathed in Monterrey at the
Plaza de Toros de 1963 where
your hat was breathing the beer
and diesel fumes was I breathing
when the guns were raised in
Saltillo was I breathing when
your portrait reflected the moon
on my wall was I a breath was
I your mirrored mask whispering
along the street past the blackened
door at the tortillería was I
breathing in the diarrheic bus sweating
in Nuevo Laredo with a bag of
books between my legs a
caca de barro en mi bolsillo I
was breathing when I fell on the
page and lost a match was
breathing when I remembered your
name was breath and doorways
where someone was knocking who was
never there

El Cielo Visible

my pain was a drink spilling
on the stairs a backhoe grumbling
in the street my pain was breathing
the polvo Mixteca de un callejón
de Tenochtitlán my pain a lather
on the crack of my neck a cat
yowling in the hall downstairs I
thought my pain was a shoe
leaking in the rain in my foot curling
higher and tighter beneath a
blanket of smoke from a fire
in a shack in Temuco, Chile de
1970 el dolor que despierto es un
culo degollador un frente covered
with blackberry canes my
pain was my "pain" a belching steer
pushed at a barbed wire fence my
pain was not my pen bending in the
wind it was not your fork stabbing
a blackened brussels sprout it was a
cloud a suit a puddle thrashing in my
breath where I stood on the sidewalk
and counted the one of my pain
the two of the spreading sky

Blow Away

the crusted wind I covered with
eyesight the wind and tooth
lost in the bottom drawer there
was a wind I nailed to a board
in the splintered garage the wind
of numbers fogged in my pocket I
shaved the wind from my trembling
coat dogged the wind with my
tongue gagged and soaked with
wind your glasses retained my
sandwich hollowed with wind and
my undershirt a coughing towel of
wind I cornered in the loot
hidden in my closet the dribbling
wind caressing my face I shoveled
my ashes behind the wind and
twisted around to the front of
my wind a moon sunk in a bucket I
cradled a wind in a darkened street
in St. Louis 1961 the wind was
a throat I strangled and opened
was a sea its lunging mountains
where I was the wind
in 1948 I was a ship a small grey
wall quaking and clanging
in the circular wind

Rumor Finito

rumor de comodrilos y me
he tomado un aire blanco
de leche rumor de humo rum
or que come las sardinas de
mis calzones me he el
sabor rumorífero dormido el
rumor de mis zapatos en un
acantilado de Saskatchewan
con un círculo de piedras con
una quemada al centro ru
mor instigativo del tumor en
acecho rumor carnífero que
ladra y nada por el río Olen
tangy lleno de llantas el
fuego rumorántico el rumor
enardecido de la guerra tele
visada y de la guerra sin
fin es un rumor de besos
entre los estantes de la
biblioteca los libros oscuros
en sus rumores pretéritos r
umor de mis piernas que pa
san por una cloaca bombardeada
de Tokyo es el año del rumor
1949 y me escucha el rumor
insilencioso de las abejas bajo la
mesa donde hay un rumor lacrado un
rumor que me quito y me visto to
das las mañanas que me quedan

"Nombre"

sudor risueño sudor del vidrio
estrellado y pusilánime me lamo
el sudor del asfalto brumoso y
sumo el sudor a mi billeteero ga
stado mas circular el sudor mili
tante por las calles de Washington
DC por las calles de St. Louis por
las calles de los Ángeles de las
ciudades orondas de hormigas
por el sudor del hambre que
me cobraban los camiones de
Texas hasta Laredo donde se
abre el mundo de mi sudor
rutilante el sudor de los poros
del desierto sudor inmiscible
de la misericordia risible su
dor lactante sudor de una
moneda de 1968 sudor de
Chicago donde vi una cara
muerta hace años de sudor
sudorificante que se acuerda de
los túneles por la sierra sud
or fisgón y fiscal sudor cami
nado por las aceras del DF sin
sudor sin láminas sin toalla y
sin el frío que me deletrea el
nombre

Written in Fog

from my heartburn it's written from
the collapsing leg on the hill it's wri
tten it's written and glistening from
the gristle forgotten on the floor it's
written in the cloud and leaving the
cloud it's written and left in a
corner at the bus station downtown
it's a thumbing of ears what's writ
ten it's written from the frog in the
back of my brain it's written in the
writing was confetti mailed in an
envelope of skin written it's a crow
ded hand in a bag of seeds it's written
and wrung it's barking or written
was written on a flag you wiped
your ass with written from the
brick remembered in a pond it's
written it's swallowed it's anti
acid milky on the bottom of a
glass where it's written written a
blur rolling to the edge of a table